



ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE OLD RELIABLE

**SWEET CAPORAL**

CIGARETTE

Has stood the Test of Time

MORE SOLD THAN ALL OTHER BRANDS COMBINED

DEPT. M.W.F.W.

## MEDICAL

**Good for nothing**

did you say?

Yes, that describes how I feel.

I have no energy left, nothing interests me.

My strength has left me and I have no inclination to work.

No one would take me for the same person that I used to be.

I look and feel forlorn and miserable.

My spirits are low, I feel despondent and I can't sleep at night.

I am constipated and my digestion is out of order.

I feel almost hopeless, it seems to me that I shall never be strong again.

On this occasion the silence was interrupted by Mr. Popkins, who said:

"John, I think I will have a bottle of that champagne. You know—the Veuve Clicquot. I bought two cases of it last year, and though it was recommended to me as particularly excellent, I have not tried it yet. I think I may as well sample it."

John, the butler, bowed and withdrew. More than ten minutes elapsed before he returned, and then he said simply:

"There ain't no champagne, sir."

"But I tell you that you are mistaken," replied Mr. Popkins. "I bought two cases, and I remembered that they were delivered. Two baskets, you understand, each of a dozen quarts."

"The baskets are still there, sir, but they are empty."

"Empty!"

"Yes, sir."

"How could such a thing happen?" roared Mr. Popkins.

"I don't know, sir."

"Who has the keys to the wine cellar?"

"Myself, sir; and Miss Popkins has another."

The master of the house coughed ominously and made no further remark at the moment. He sipped his coffee gloomily, and, when the butler had left the room, said:

"I shall discharge that man at once."

"Why, papa?" asked Wilhelmina.

"Because he has stolen that wine."

Miss Popkins flushed and looked anxious. Said she:

"I don't believe it, papa. John does not drink a drop of anything, you know."

"Butlers never drink," responded her father grimly. "That is to say, they do not drink when anybody is looking."

"But I am sure he did not take the wine, papa."

"Well, my dear, I am satisfied that he did take it. Nobody else has a key to the wine bin except yourself."

Wilhelmina flushed again.

"Dear papa!" she said.

"Well, pet!" he replied, knowing that this form of address by his daughter always meant that a request was coming.

"You will not discharge John?"

"Of course I will. There can be no doubt that he took the wine. I saw it delivered myself, and I suppose he thought that I had forgotten all about having bought it."

"Well, then, papa, because I cannot stand by and see an injustice done, I shall have to tell you all about it. I know that John did not take the wine."

"How can you know? He alone had the key."

"No, dear papa. Somebody else had a key, you know."

"Who, pray?"

"Your little housekeeper, of course."

"Yourself, why, certainly. But you are not going to tell me you stole the wine?"

"Such is the fact, papa."

"You are joking!"

"Not at all. Indeed I took it."

"But—but you astonish me. You do not drink champagne!"

"No, papa," replied Wilhelmina, with a little sob, "but—I have been using it for another purpose."

"Goodness me!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Do you mean to tell me that you have been filling up that heap of yours, young Toodles, with my Veuve Clicquot?"

"No, papa; that is not it. But Mr. Toodles admires the blithe type of beauty—boohoo!—the wine on my hair to make it—boohoo!—lighter."

"Oh!" said Mr. Popkins with a gasp of astonishment. "So that is why you have been turning yellow recently."

"Not my complexion, I hope, papa. But—boohoo!—you will forgive me, won't you?"

"I guess there's nothing else for me to do," responded the old gentleman. "The champagne is gone, and you ought to be spanked; but I suppose you are too bold for that; but next time, if you must have wine to wash your hair with, give me an opportunity to buy a cheap brand. Thirty dollars a case is a little high for a cosmetic, even if the effect is so fortunate as to gratify the aesthetic eye of Mr. Toodles. No, under the circumstances, I shall not discharge John."

"Thank you, papa," said Wilhelmina.